

Hof. Pardon, Guest-Justice; a Mounseur Mocke-water.

Cai. Mock-water? vat is dat?

Hof. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is Valour (Bully.)

Cai. By gar, then I haue as much Mock-water as de Englishman: scurvy-lack-dog-Priest: by gar, mee vill cut his eares.

Hof. He vill Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

Cai. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hof. That is, he vill make thee amends.

Cai. By-gar, me doe looke hee shall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill haue it.

Hof. And I vill prouoke him to't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Hof. And moreover, (Bully) but first, Mr. Ghuest, and M. Page, & ecke Caualeiro Slender, goe you through the Towne to Frogmore.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Hof. He is there, see what humor he is in: and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it doe well?

Shal. We will doe it.

All. Adieu, good M. Doctor.

Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Priest, for he speake for a lack-an-Ape to Anne Page.

Hof. Let him die: sheath thy impatience: throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with mee through Frogmore, I will bring thee where Mistris Anne Page is, at a Farm-house a Feasting: and thou shalt wooe her: Crude-game, said I well?

Cai. By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I loue you: and I shall procure a you de good Guest: de Earle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hof. For the which, I will be thy aduersary toward Anne Page: said I well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good: vell said.

Hof. Let vs wag then.

Cai. Come at my heeles, Iack Rugby.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Enans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hof, Caius, Rugby.

Enans. I pray you now, good Master Slenders scruling-man, and friend Simple by your name; which way haue you look'd for Master Caius, that calls himselfe Doctor of Phisicke.

Sim. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward: euery way: olde Windsor way, and euery way but the Towne-way.

Enan. I most feheemently desire you, you will also looke that way.

Sim. I will fir.

Enan. Plesse my soule: how full of Chollors I am, and trempling of minde: I shall be glad if he haue deceiued me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues costard, when I haue good opportunities for the orke: Plesse my soule: To shallow Ruins to whose falls: melodious Birds sing Madrigalls: There will we make our Ped of Roses: and a thousand fragrant posies. To shallow: Mercie on mee, I haue a great disposition to cry.

Melodious birds sing Madrigalls: — When as I sat in Babylon: and a thousand vagrant Posies. To shallow, &c.

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Enan. Hee's welcome: To shallow Ruins, to whose falls: Heaven prosper the right: what weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir: there comes my Master, Mr. Shallow, and another Gentleman; from Frogmore, ouer the stile, this way.

Enan. Pray you giue mee my gowne, or else keepe it in your armes.

Shal. How now Master Parson? good morrow good Sir Hugh: keepe a Gamester from the dice, and a good Student from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Slen. Ah sweet Anne Page.

Page. 'Sauc you, good Sir Hugh.

Enan. Plesse you from his mercy-fake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word?

Doe you study them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthfull still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rumaticke day?

Enan. There is reasons, and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr. Parson.

Enan. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reuerend Gentleman; who (be-like) hauing receiued wrong by some person, is at most odds with his owne grauity and patience, that euer you saw.

Shal. I haue liued foure-score yeeres, and upward: I neuer heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, so wide of his owne respect.

Enan. What is he?

Page. I thinke you know him: Mr. Doctor Caius the renowned French Physician.

Enan. Got's-will, and his passion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a messe of porridge.

Page. Why?

Enan. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*, and hee is a knaue besides: a cowardly knaue, as you would desire to be acquainted withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O sweet Anne Page.

Shal. It appeares so by his weapons: keepe them a-funder: here comes Doctor Caius.

Page. Nay good Mr. Parson, keepe in your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hof. Disarme them, and let them question: let them keepe their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Cai. I pray you let a-mee speake a word with your eare; wherefore vill you not meet-a-me?

Enan. Pray you vse your patience in good time.

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward: de Iack dog: Iohn Ape.

Enan. Pray you let vs not be laughing-stocks to other mens humors: I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends: I will knog your Vrinall about your knaues Cogs-combe.

Cai. Diabls: Iack Rugby: mine Hof de Iarteer: haue I not stay for him, to kill him? haue I not at deplace I did appoint?

Enan. As I am a Christians-soule, now looke you: this is the place appointed. He bee iudgement by mine Hof of the Garter.

Hof. Peace, I say, *Gallia* and *Gauls*, *French* & *Welch*, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai. I.

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant.

Hof. Peace, I say: heare mine Hof of the Garter, Am I politieke? Am I subtle? Am I a Machiuell?

Shall I loose my Doctor? No, hee giues me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I loose my Parson? my Priest? my Sir Hugh? No, he giues me the Prouerbes, and the No-verbs. Giue me thy hand (Celestiall) so: Boyes of Art, I haue decei'd you both: I haue directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skinnies are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the issue: Come, lay their swords to pawne: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad Hof: follow Gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O sweet Anne Page.

Cai. Ha'do I perceiue dat? Haue you make-a-de-sot of vs, ha, ha?

Enan. This is well, he has made vs his vlowting-stog: I desire you that we may be friends: and let vs knog our praines together to be reuenge on this same scall-scurvy-cogging-companion the Hof of the Garter.

Cai. By gar, with all my heart: he promise to bring me where is Anne Page: by gar he deceiue me too.

Enan. Well, I will imite his noddles: pray you follow.

Scena Secunda.

Mist. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hof, Enans, Caius.

Mist. Page. Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your masters heeles?

Rob. I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarfe. (Courtier.)

M. Pa. O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'll be a Ford. Well met mistris Page, whether go you?

M. Pa. Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as she may hang together for want of company: I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

M. Pa. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

M. Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you cal your Knights name *Rob. Sir Iohn Falstaffe.* (firrah?)

Ford. Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

M. Pa. He, he, I can neuer hit on's name; there is such a league betweene my Goodman, and he: is your Wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is. (home indeed?)

M. Pa. By your leave fir, I am sicke till I see her.

Ford. Has Page any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleepe, he hath no vse of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile as easie, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelue score: hee pee-ces out his wiues inclination: he giues her folly motion and aduantage: and now she's going to my wife, & Falstaffes boy with her: A man may heare this shiowre sing in the winde; and Falstaffes boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our reuoluted wiues share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vail of modestie from the so-seeming Mist. Page, divulge Page himselfe for a secure and

wilfull Aiton, and neighbors shall cry: and my assurance be: I shall be rather it is as possitiue, as there: I will go.

Shal. Page, &c. W Ford. Trust me, a g home, and I pray you

Shal. I must excuse

Slen. And so must We haue appointed

And I would not breac Then Ile speake of.

Shal. We haue ling Page, and my cozen S our answer.

Slen. I hope I haue Pag. You haue Mr. But my wife (Mr. Do

Cai. I be-gar, and a-Quickly tell me so n

Hof. What say yo he dances, he has cie

speakes holliday, he fin he will carry't, 'tis in h

Page. Not by my co man is of no hauing, h

Prince, and Pointz: he too much: no, hee sha

with the finger of my take her simply: the w

and my content goes n

Ford. I beseech you with me to dinner: bef

sport, I will shew you go, so shall you Mr Pag

Shal. Well, fare you We shall haue the free

Cai. Go home Iohn

Hof. Farewell my h

Falstaffe. and drinke Ca

Ford. I thinke I sha

him, Ile make him dan

All. Haue with you.

Scen

Enter M. Ford, M. P

Ford, Page

Mist. Ford. What Io

M. Page. Quickly, q

Mist. Ford. I warrant

Mist. Page. Come, co

Mist. Ford. Heere, let

M. Pa. Giue your m

M. Ford. Marrie, as I

be ready here hard-by i

dainly call you, come fo

raggering) take this ba

trudge with it in all ha

sters in *Dorset Mead*, a

ditch, close by the *Tha*

M. Page. You will d

M. Ford. I ha told th